THE LONE STAR RANGER

This is a story about the Texas Plains People

By ZANE GREY

This is a rushing story of the vild border days in Texas in the early seventies, with their desperate contests between outlaws and rangers. Incident after incident crowd upon another-hairbreadth escapes, deeds of thrilling adventures, manly, chivalry, devoted love. The hero is a murderer; a man-killer not by choice but by necessity. His deeds in a wild country rival the deeds of Scotch Highland chiefs which Sir Walter Scott has given us in his great romances. You'll want to follow the fortunes of Buck Duane in "The Lone Star

CHAPTER L

So it was in him, then-on inherited fighting instinct, a driving intensity to He was the last of the Duanes, old fighting stock of Texas. But not the memory of his dend father, nor the pleading of his softwolced mother.

Out the pleading of his softwolced mother.

Out the damping have said model in the door of his saloon, done a lot. And I guess I'll go down "Buck, I'm a-tippin' you." mor the warning of this uncle who stood before him now, had brought to Buckley Duane so much realization the dark, possionate strain in his blood. It was the recurrence, a hundredfold increased in power, of a strange emotion that for the last three years had arisen in him.

"Yes, Cal Pain's in town, full of bad whisky an' huntin' for you," re-peated the elder man, gravely.

"But what's he want me for?" deunroled Punne. "To insult me again? I won't stand that twice."

"He's got a fever that's rampant in Texas these days; my boy. He wants gun-play. If he meets you he'll try

Here it stirred in Duane again, that flame shaking all his inner being, and

'Kill me! What for?" he asked. "Lord knows there ain't any reason.

four-flush gun-fighters. There's a lot able rapidity, and at twenty feet he of wild cowboys who're ambitious for could split a card pointing edgewise



"I'd Never Hang."

Just avoid him. Buck, I'm not afraid Cal would get you. What I'm most afraid of is that you'll kill Bain."

Dunne was silent, letting his uncle's earnest words sink in, trying to realize their significance.

"Buck," went on the uncle, "you're twenty-three now, an' a powerful sight of a fine fellow, barrin' your temper.

You've a chance in life. Eat if you "Say, Sol, I hear there's a ge go gun-fightin', if you kill a man, town looking for me bad."
you're ruined. The rangers would make you an outlaw. This even-break White. "He came in heah aboot an

"I'd never hang," muttered Duane,

"I reckon you wouldn't," replied the In times are discovered in the law, your dad an' he's heah for keeps."

an' he's heah for keeps."

"Why doesn't Sheriff Oaks lock him ild have been driven to the river. He was killed in a street-fight. An' it up if he's that bad?"

of a man, to be able to do that. If An' so the town's shore wide open."

inquired the elder man. "I haven't decided-yet."

ald Dunne.

town and let Cui Bain find me."

yes, and the uncle appeared lost in and thought of the future. Presently ed ie turned to Dunne with an expression of the same blood.

est I know of in this country. After you meet Bain hurry back home. I'll ave a saddlebag packed for you and the horse ready.

With that he turned on his heel and went into the house, leaving Dunne to revolve in his mind his singular peech. That hour of Funne's life was like years of actual living, and in it

he became a thoughtful man.

He went into the house and inspectshaking all his inner peng, and ding to leave him strangely ed his belt and gun. The gun was a coll his belt and gun. The gun was a coll 45 six-stot, and heavy, with an itery handle. He had packed it, on ord knows there ain't any reason.

He went into the house and inspect ward as if impelied by a vigorous mand. A bowlegged cowboy wearing woolly chaps burst out upon the sidewalk. At sight of Duane he seemed to bound into the air, and he uttered a savage But what's that to do with most of the had been used by his father. There were a number of notches filed in the boys ever to Everall's kill one another buige of the ivery handle. This gun dead all because they got to jerkin' at was the one his father had fired twice a quirt among themselves? An' Cal after being shot through the heart, has no reason to love you. His girl and his hand had stiffened so fightly upon it in the death-grip that his fin "I quit when I found out she was gers had to be pried open. It had never been drawn upon any man since "I rection she min't quit. But never it had come into Dunne's possession. mind her or reasons. Cal's here, just But the cold, bright polish of the drunk enough to be ugly. He's achin' weapon showed how it had been used, to kill somebody. He's one of them. Dunne could draw it with inconceiv-

of wild cowbors who're amusitous for a reputation. They laugh at the sheriffs an' bring about how they'd fix the
frangers. Cal's sure not much for you to bother with, if you only keep out of his wny."

The air was full of the franching countries and toward the countries of the first toward the countries of th "You mean for me to run?" asked gate. The air was full of the fra-uane, in scorn. "I reckon I wouldn't put it that way, birds. Outside in the road a neighbor soman stood talking to a countryman

> sortant in that unsettled part of the erent state because it was the trading perfups fifty buildings, some brick, tion. one frame, mostly adobe, and oneat a glance. By the time he reached his back, and all that moved were Sol White's place, which was the first his breast and his eyes. How strangely to look back after they had pussed. In Bain was gone. He was sober and He paused at the door of White's sarior, then stepped inside,

The saloon was large and cool, full of men and noise and smoke. The the slience ensuing presently broke to the clink of Mexican silver dollars at a monte table. All eyes except those | "The fool!" of the Mexican gamblers were turned upon Dunne. Several of the cowboys ranchers present exchanged glances. Dunne had been weighed by nerring Texas Instinct, by men who all pucked guns. The boy was the son of his father. greeted him and returned to their with his big, red hands out upon the two bullet holes just over Bain's bar; he was a tall, rawboned Texan, heart. with a long mustache waxed to sharp

"Howdy, Buck," was his greeting to Duane. He spoke carelessly and avert- Buck Duane's first gun-play. Like fa-"Howdy, Sol," replied Duane, slowly,

"Say, Sol, I hear there's a gent in

business doesn't work with them. If hour ago. Shore he was some riled you resist arrest they'll kill you. If an' a-roarin' for gore. Told me confiyou submit to arrest, then you go to dential a certain party had given you jail, an' mebbe you hang." a white silk scarf, an' be was hell-bent on wearin' it home spotted red."

"Anybody with him?" queried Dunne. "Burt an' Sam Outcalt an' a little old man. "You'd be like your father. cowpuncher I never seen before. They-He was ever ready to draw-too ready. all was coaxin' him to leave town. But In times like these, with the Texas he's looked on the flowin' giass, Buck,

after a built had passed through his There's been another raid at Flesher's the dodge."

take risks of detection. If he did not friendly manner, "I sin't presumin of heart. Think of the terrible nature ranch. The King Fisher gang, likely. "Son, you killed him—then?" asked work on some distant, outlying ranch, your time or company. I see you're

"What you say is all very well, length of the long block, meeting hash, uncle," returned Duane, "but the only people—farmers, ranchers, cierks, way out for me is to run, and I won't merchants, Mexicans, cowbors and to it. Cal Bain and his outfit have already made me look like a coward."

"Well then, what're you goin' to the street was almost empty. If it "Mother!" exclaimed Duane, "I knew it. Long ago I saw it computed to the outfit have done in the outfit have we can't stop to cry light of his campfire? It had taken on a strange green juster and secured to be waving off into the outer shadows.

"Mother you say is all very well, length of the long people—farmers, ranchers, cierks, "I knew it. Long ago I saw it computed to the outfit have done in the people—farmers, ranchers, cierks, "I knew it. Long ago I saw it computed to the outfit have done in the outfit have women. It was a singular fact that over spilt blood. You've got to leave them to the country."

"Well then, what're you goin' to the street was almost empty. If it was an instinct for Texans to fight, it was also instinctive for them to sense "No, but you're comin' to it mighty with remarkable quickness the signs always feared."

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"No, but you're comin' to it mighty with remarkable quickness the signs always feared."

"Suddenly Duane sat down and covered his face with his hands."

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"My God! Uncle, what have I done?"

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"The remarkable quickness the signs always feared."

"Stock up?" queried Duane, thought-fully.

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to within fifty paces of a saloon he "What do you think? What could swerved out into the middle of the sou expect of a man who never wore a glove on his right hand for twenty went shend and back to the shewark. He passed on in this way the length "Well, he'd hardly have said much, of the block. Sol White was standing

"Buck, I'm a-tippin' you off," he said, quick and low-voiced. "Cal Bain's over Then followed a long silence, dure at Eversil's. If he's a buntin' you bad, as which I mane sat with downcast as he brags, he'll show there."

Dunne crossed the street and startdown. Notwithstanding White's statement. Duone was wary and slow that denoted resignation, and yet a at every door. Nothing happened, and pirit which showed wherein they were the traversed almost the whole length of the block without seeing a person. "You've got a fast horse—the fast- Everall's place was on the corner.

Dunne knew himself to be cold. stendy. He was conscious of a strange fury that made him want to leap ihead. He seemed to long for this encounter more than snything he had ever wanted. But, vivid as were his sensutions, he felt as if in a dream. Refore he reached Everall's he heard

high. Then the short door swung out-

Dunne stopped in his tracks at the

then halted. A good twenty-five paces separated the men.

"Wen't nothin' make you draw, you -!" he shouted flercely.

"I'm waltin' on you, Cal," replied

Bain's right hand stiffened-moved. in a wagon; they spoke to him; and he heard, but did not reply. Then he legan to stride down the road toward a hall underhand—a draw his father had taught him. He pulled twice, his was a small town, but im- shots almost as one. Bain's big Calt scattered dust and gravel at Duane's ritory. On the main street there were feet. He fell loosely, without contor-

In a finsh all was reality for Dunne. hard of the lot, and by far the most He went forward and held his gun snioon, he was walking slowly. Sev-eral people spoke to him and turned distortion! The devil that had showed loon, took a sharp survey of the inte-filled. His eyes expressed something plitfully human. They changed rolled-set blankly.

Dunne drew a deep breath and sheathed his gun. He felt calm and cool, glad the fray was over. One expression burst from him.

When he looked up there were men around him.

"Plumb center," said one. Another, a cowboy who evidently had just left the gaming table, leaned down and pulled open Bain's shirt. Whereupon they He had the ace of spades in his hand, He laid it on Bain's breast, and the drinks and cards. Sol White stood black figure on the card covered the

> Dunne wheeled and hurried away. He heard another man say: "Reckon Cal got what he deserved. ther like son!"

CHAPTER II.

en, rope and bags all in place, a had slipped his mind—the consequence the look of his uncle recalled the fact justice, an outlaw, that he must now become a fugitive. An unreasonable anger took hold of

him.

was told of him that he shot twice: "Oaks went away with the rangers, rall. And for that I've got to go on lag, he still must hide his identity and "Wal. Buck," said Stevens. in



"An outlaw?"

an' wherever you go an' whatever you to the ford. Once upon the opposite do-be a man. You can't come home, shore, he reined in his horse and When this thing is lived down, if that looked darkly back. This action time ever comes, I'll get word into the marked his acknowledgment of his situnsettled country. It'll reach you unition; he had voluntarily sought the some day. That's all. Remember, be refuge of the outlaws; he was beyond

becaused while it was pointed down-tracting throat, gripped his uncle's hard and he was tailing. His bullet hand and bade him a wordless fare-tracks of cuttle. He doubted not that well. Then he leaped astride the black he had come across one of the roads

and rode out of town. care for his steed, Duane put a dis-tance of fifteen or eighteen miles point-blank upon a single horseman prosperous, were saloons. Dunne's eye ready for the slightest movement on behind him. He passed several ranged down the street, taking in all the part of Bain. But Bain lay upon ranches, and was seen by men. This their mounts sharply and were ready did not suit him, and he took an old to run and shoot back. Not more than trail across country. It was a flat a hundred paces separated them. They region with a poor growth of mesquite stood then for a moment watching and prickly-pear cactus. Occasionally each other, he caught a glimpse of low hills in the distance. He had hunted often in that section, and knew where to find grass and water. When he reached this higher ground he did not, however, halt at the first favorable camping again,

> At lust he found a secluded spot, under cover of thick mesquites and oaks, at a goodly distance from the old trail. He took saddle and pack off the horse, made a small fire, prepared and ate his upper. This done, ending the work pine. When night set in and the rancher trailing stolen stock. ce seemed all the more isolated and

It dawned upon him all at once that from one man." he was nervous, watchful, sleepless, easy, happy, especially when out alone he was a good-natured ruffian, in the open, had become in a few short hours bound, serious, preoccupied. He the assertion, and turned over in his rest. He intended to be off by dawn, guessed him to be a hunted man, his home and saw his uncle there with heading toward the southwest. Had a mettlesome horse, saddled, with can- he a destination? It was vague as his from the river. Who're you?" said some mesquites near the town of Merknowledge of that great waste of this stranger. subtle shock pervaded his spirit. It mesquite and rock bordering the Rio Duane was silent. Grande. Somewhere out there was a of his act. But sight of the horse and refuge. For he was a fugitive from on Stevens. "I heard you was a bad

This being an outlaw then meant | Uncle Jim. He dusted my boots, that's him. If he worked for an honest liv- on the Texas border

the uncle, huskily. how was he to live? The idea of headin for the river. But will you "Yes. I stood over him—watched stealing was repugnant to him. The stop long enough to stake a feller to you have any such blood in you, never give it a chance."

"What you say is all very well, length of the long block, meeting many uncle," returned Duane, "but the only people—farmers, ranchers, cierks, "I knew it. Long ago I saw it compared to the long block, meeting many uncle," returned Duane, "but the only people—farmers, ranchers, cierks, "I knew it. Long ago I saw it compared to the long block, meeting many done by."

"Yes. I steed over him—watched the was the follow? The idea of headin' for the step length of him die, I did as I would have been done by."

"I knew it. Long ago I saw it compared to the long block, meeting many done by."

"I'm out of graphs," admitted the was twenty-three myself," admitted the was twenty-three myself, "admitted the was twenty-three myself," admitted the was twenty-three myself, "admitted the was twenty-three myself," admitted the was twenty-three myself, "admitted the was twenty-three myself," admitted the was twenty-three myself, "admitted the was twenty-three myself," admitted the was twenty-three myself, "admitted the was twenty-three myself," admitted the was twenty-three myself, "admitted the was twenty-three myself," admitted the was twenty-three myself, "admitted the was twenty-three myself," admitted the was twenty-three myself, "admitted the was twenty-three myself," admitted the was twenty-three myself, "admitted the was twenty-three myself," admitted the was twenty-three myself, "admitted th enough. And he was twenty-three "I'm out of grub and pretty hungr

that never would be be able to keep off that plaintom. He remembered how his father had been eternally pursued by furies of accusing guilt, how he had never been able to forget in work or in sleep those men he had killed.

mind let him sleep, and then dreams troubled him. In the morning he he-

He rode hard all meraing and haired in a shady spot to rest and graze his horse. In the afternoon he took to the trail at an easy trist. The country grow wilder. Bald, rugged mountains broke the level of the monotonous horizon. About three in the afternoon he came to a little river which marked the boundary line of his hunting territory and followed it unstream:

"You mean you'd like to be a mighty good man to travel alone any length of time. Why, I've been thet sick I was Jest achin' fer some ranger to come along an' plug me. Give me a pardner any day. Now, mebbe you're not thet kind of a feller, an' I'm share not the kind of a feller, an' I'm share not the some range? "You mean you'd like took to come along an' plug me. Give me any sould like took to the size I was Jest a chin' fer some ranger to come along an' plug me. Give me any sould like took to the size I was Jest a chin' fer some ranger to come along an' plug me. Give me a parket was less a chin' fer some ranger to come along an' plug me. Give me a parket was Jest a chin' fer some ranger to come along an' plug me. Give me a parket was Jest a chin' fer some ranger to come along an' plug me. Give me a parket was Jest a chin' fer some ranger to come along an' plug me. Give me a parket was Jest a chin' fer some ranger to come along an' plug me. Give me a parket was Jest a chin' fer some ranger to come along an' plug me. Give me a parket was Jest a chin' fer some ranger to come along an' plug me. Give me a parket was Jest a chin' fer some ranger to come along an' plug me. Give me a parket was Jest a chin' fer some ranger to come along an' plug me. Give me a parket was Jest a chin' fer some ranger to come along an' plug me. Give me a parket was Jest a chin' fer some ranger to come along an' plug me. Give me a parket was Jest a chin' fer some ranger to come along an' plug me. Give me a come along an' plug me. Give me a come along and a come along and a come along any plug me. and followed it upstream.

In this kind of travel and camping be spent three more days, during which he crossed a number of trails, and one where cattle—stolen cattle, probably—

Tou mean yourd has me to go with in Use for Over 30 Years. Signature of Chalffulthout in Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria braced with a man of your repulsihad recently passed. He followed the road uniti a late hour, when striking the willow brakes again and hence the patchback of the complete the compl neighborhood of the river, he picketed haste, From:

In the most edge of the sidewalk, perhaps a dozen rods from Everall's door.

If Bain was drunk he did not show it in his movement. He swaggered forward, rapidly closing up the gap, Red, swearly, disheveded and callous, You're not to biams, his face distorted and expressive of the most malignant intent, he was a wild and sinister figure. He had altready killed a man, and this showed in his demeanor. His hands were extended before him, the right hand a little lower flam the left. At every step he bellowed his rancer in speech mostly curses. Gradually he slowed his mailty.

A roughly of the sidewalk, perhaps a to Duane's Feet.

His Bullet Scattered Dust and Grave at Duane's Feet.

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His Bullet Scattered Dust and Grave and Grave at Duane's Red, I have seet which they along the Experiment he expected the chill, the sense of lonelly the spect was ominous of a strant from Coopie upon the paper was ominous of a strant from Coopie upon the paper was ominous of a strant from Coopie upon the paper was made from the could for the nichill, the sense of lonelly the f

"I said it. If we had money an' influence, we'd risk a trial. But we've
dense chaparral and willow thickets.

These he threaded to come at length

The road with Stevens. Duane had

n man, Good-by."

Duane, with blurred sight and conThe trail led into a road which was used by border raiders. He hended As swiftly as was consistent with a into it, and had scarcely traveled a

"Mawnin', stranger," called the man dropping his gun to his hip.

"Howdy," replied Duane shortly. They rode toward each other, closing half the gap, then they halted

"I seen you sin't no ranger," called the rider, "an' shore I ain't none," He laughed loudly, as if he had ade a loke.

"How'd you know I wasn't a ranger?" asked Duane curiously. Son how he had instantly divined that this of that day, he sat down and filled his horseman was no officer, or even a Both Riders Wheeled Their Horses

"Wal," said the fellow, starting his lonely for that Duane had a sense of horse forward at a walk, "a ranger'd never been much of a talker, and no never git ready to run the other way he found speech difficult. But his He laughed again. He was small He was a jocose, voluble fellow, prob-

The fact caused him surprise, and he and wiry, slouchy of attire, and armed ably glad now to hear the sound of began to think back, to take note of to the teeth, and he bestrode a fine his own voice. Duane listened, and his late actions and their motives. The bay horse. He had quick, dancing sometimes he thought with a pang change one day had wrought amazed brown eyes, at once frank and bold, of the distinction of name and heritage him. He who had always been free, and a coarse, bronzed face. Evidently of blood his father had left to him. Duane acknowledged the truth of

felt tired, yet had no inclination to mind how shrewdly the fellow had

"I recken you're Buck Dunne," went man with a gun."

This time Duane laughed, not at the eternal vigilance. No home, no rest, doubtful compliment, but at the idea no sleep, no content, no life worth the that the first outlaw he met should "That d—d fool!" he exclaimed living! He must be a lone wolf or he know him. Here was proof of how oily. "Meeting Bain wasn't much. must herd among men obnoxious to swiftly facts about gun-play traveled

"She's away from home. You can Duane heard no step, saw no move-wait. Fil break it to her—what she ment; nevertheless, there was another there was that in his action which arm, indicating the southwest, and

light in your eye. It reminds me of your father."

"I wonder what dad would say to me being if he were give and here."

Dunne walked on. When he came "Font ever forget. You're not to curse that was on him. He divined it so embarrassin' travelin' these parts fully. It so embarrassin' travella' these parts dodgin' your shadow. Now, I'm on my listener wny to Mercer. It's a little two-bit town up the river a ways. I'm goln' to pack out some grub."

Stevens' tone was inviting. Evident-The hear was inte when Dunne's ly he would welcome Dunne's compan

troubled him. In the morning he hestirred himself so early that in the
gray gloom he had difficulty in finding
his horse. Day had just broken when
he struck the old trail again.

He rode hard all morning and halred
in a shady shot to rost and gray his

ground than to travel above a state of the state.

"You mean you'd like me to go with

neighborhood of the river, he picketed his horse and lay down to rest. But he fild not sleep. His mind bitterly revolved the fate that had come upon him. He made efforts to think of other about you. But every man who's lived

Next moment he was riding down call it "Indian tobacco."

Sharply.

companion did not seem to mind that,

Late that day, a couple of hours be-Ressed him to be a hunted man, "My name's Luke Stevens, an' I hall ing rested their horses in the shade of cer, saddled up and prepared to move

> Do you believe that Buck did the wrong thing by running away from home? Doesn't it seem tha he could have proved selfdefer se and saved himself from the outlaw life?

> > (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Worked Too Well. "Yes," the young medico sighed, "the healing profession is full of difficulties. The other slay for instance, I had a patient who ought to have gone to u warmer climute. Couldn't afford it. I decided to try hypnotism. I painted a large sun on the ceiling and by sug-gestion induced him to think it was

"And how did it work?" inquired the

The doctor passed a hand wearily "He's down with sunstroke, he said.

If you wish beautiful, elear white clothes, use Red Cross Bag Blue. At all good grocers. Adv.

In His Own Interest.

sadir.

"They tell me that hot tempered beauty narried a good catch." "I should hope he is, when one thinks of all the things she'll throw at him in her tantames."

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American Indians Gathered Plant for Their Chests-Called "Indian Tobacco."

American Indians found one plant growing in damp woods, handso

Gray dawn found him in the soddle gray dawn found him in the soddle gray dawn found for the river. Half an Duane, quietly. "And I'll go to Mer- The common use of the plant among

When it is cultivated for commerce the seeds are scattered on the surface of the ground late in fall or early in spring. They germinate early in spring and send down roots. When the flowers are blooming the

plants are cut and dried in the shade

"What do you mean?

Exceptions. oths the way for one.



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